

THE

TINAMOU

FORTY SEVEN

Well six weeks has come and gone with remarkable rapidity. Doesn't time fly when you're having fun? Forest have hardly played since I was with you last (except for that rather fortunate 3-1 victory over Watford last week - glad I was wearing my brown trousers while I was watching that!) and the 'big day' approaches apace. John James kindly offered to lend us their little 'un for a time so that we could get some practice in. We gratefully declined. This is Bob Brown of 53 Broadwood Drive, Fulwood, Preston PR2 4SS. Lancs. And that's not far from Milton Keynes. Telephone Preston 863459 (home) or Preston 51831 ext 219 (work). The latter does pay off occasionally, as Tony Crouch found out last week when he just caught me on returning from lunch. Price - to you, my boy - 25 pence of the realm.

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DEADLINES RR and En Garde to the two Davids by Saturday 10th February
All the rest to Ron and me by Friday 16th February

DEADLINES

Ron Fisher, 85 Studfold, Astley Park, Chorley. Lancs. (Chorley 70030)
Michael O'Shea, 29 Marian Rd., Rathfarnham, Dublin 14. Eire. (Athgor)
Dave Waring, 39 Grange Rd., Bishop's Stortford. Herts. (En Carde - BS 54835 after 7.00 pm)
David Watts, 'Rostherne', 102 Priory Rd., Milford Haven. Dyfed SA73 2 ED. (Railway Rivals)

And there it is - all you ever wanted to know about playing in The Tinamou. Well, nearly, anyway. Those of you who have been requested above to 'see below' need look no further. Rhubarb, Tickle and Wezand are all held over because of the drop-outs of which you have already been notified. Sadly, someone has objected to the appointment of a stand-by in each of the three games, so the relevant countries all go into anarchy. I had hoped, for Wezand in particular, that everyone might agree, but it was not to be. I had meant to give you a week to digest this information and then adjudicate the games next weekend, but I am going to be short of time next weekend and, also, T will be a day later getting to you because the Poly is closed on Monday (tomorrow) because of this one day strike by NUPE and/or NALCO. I will use the orders which I already have unless they are amended in the meantime. The En Garde report will be going out under a separate cover as Dave hasn't had time to get it to me. He will type it up and get it copied and post it to you.

Yes, we've had a pleasant Christmas and New Year, thank you. We went down to Plymouth and nearly got snowed in. The missus thinks that the snow makes the place 'look pretty'. Me, I just think that it makes everywhere messy and cold - not to mention slippery. The West Country caught it the day before New Year's Eve and the roads out weren't really in any fit state until the Wednesday. With the forecast of more snow possibly on the way, we decided to get out while we could and made it home with remarkable ease. Good job we did because the house was inch-deep in water when we got home - yeh, you guessed it - we had a burst pipe. It took me about three days to get things vaguely straight ie mopped and cleaned up. We were pretty lucky that the water only really messed up carpets and some of the decor, but we could have happily done without all of the hassle the burst has caused! One or two of my games got wet and the boxes have got a bit twisted (~~just like the~~), but I think that I can put up with that.

Ron and Will and I made it down to StabCon on the Saturday and generally had a good time. We arrived about midday, having stopped off to see where Will was now working - who's a young executive then? There didn't seem to be a great deal of people around and, even worse, the bar wasn't going to be open at dinnertime. Horror! We decided to start off with a game of Kingmaker, but it just didn't work out at all well - we rapidly got bored with it and went to get some lunch ie a quick pint, some chips and a few cans to get us through the afternoon. Then came the highlight of the day. The Irish crowd have thought up a game about the election of a new Pope called Conclave and it is rather fine. The first part of the game involves ferrying the Cardinals to the enclave and acquiring cards which will be of use in the second part of the game. The latter is the actual voting and requires the Cardinals to be moved from their rooms to the voting chamber - en route they may run into the naughty nun or be hit with a diarrhoea card (making them head straight for a toilet where they get locked in) or several other possibilities. As you can see, there is a strong element of humour in the game! Right at the start of the game, the players have chosen 5 Cardinals who they think stand a chance and after the first stage have ranked them in order of priority, so the winner is obviously the player with the elected Pope highest on his list. The new Pope - John Paul Big Al I - was top of Ron's & Will's list and 2nd on mine. I thought that I was going to win when he was elected!

In the evening we went out for some grub with Andy Holborn and his missus-to-be and the Irish mob. We could do with more people in the hobby like Messrs O'Shea & Co. Talking of which, I was hoping that Steve Doubleday might make it up to Manchester. Word had it that he would be coming up with Chris Tringham, but it was not to be. Never mind - I'll satisfy myself with a few words about his magazine Gallimaufry instead.

Gallimaufry is currently vying with Greatest Hits as the best zine that I receive at the moment. Up till now it's been photocopied, but various hassles over the photocopying mean that Steve is wanting to use offset lithography instead and is therefore looking to gain more subscribers. There isn't a zine in the country which uses litho or a similar method of printing to better advantage than Gallimaufry. Steve is a very passable artist and illustrates the pages of G with appropriate drawings and pictures. Perhaps the reason I like G so much, apart from Steve being a friend, is that his tastes are similar to mine. He's very keen on variants and is presently running Beleriand a Tolkein variant and Vote, regular Diplomacy played with teams who vote for the moves of a particular country's pieces. There's regular, of course, and the G TT race, a sort of Speed Circuit for bikes. Steve is also an SF maniac and, being a librarian to boot, usually manages to review all the latest SF before most of us know that it exists. There's a regular D&D section and reviews of zines and games. In fact, the large majority of the zine is reading material as opposed to games - a situation which will inevitably change if he gets the increase in subscribers that he is looking for. I hope he does, and I hope that some of them will be Tinamou subscribers who, having read this, will ask for a sample copy of Gallimaufry from Steve Doubleday, 16 Somerton's Close, Guildford. Surrey. Price at present 15p. Get it.

Amongst the other zines, it looks as if this year's candidate for 'messy fold of the year' has already appeared. Aide de Camp has disappeared and its editor Douglas Mills has dropped out of virtually all of his Diplomacy games (Wezand for instance). There were a lot of games in AdC, mostly run by guest GMs, and there is obviously little enthusiasm on Douglas' behalf to salvage them, so I expect that most of them will hit the dust. Did I hear a voice asking why I don't help rescue them? That's a good question, answered best in two parts. Firstly, I would think that such a job would best be performed by Peter Calcraft and Spirit of the Age, since Spirit is supposed to be the sister-zine to AdC, and, secondly, I am already taking two orphans from Scotch on the Rocks which will be with us in the next issue. It's nice to see clean folds like Scotch and Bruce (where Pete Birks is taking on three out of the four games left running) and only makes you wonder why we get cases like AdC at all. Hell, there are enough new zines around at the moment that would absolutely snap up orphans with their committed subscribers, especially here where Douglas obviously doesn't particularly care what happens to the games as long as he can be rid of them.

Arrived this morning is AZOTT (A Zine of the Times) from Shaun Derrick of 101 Ringwood Highway, Potters Green, Coventry CV2 2GT. If the name sounds familiar, Shaun produced the ill-fated Entente, which got off to an awful start and suffered accordingly. AZOTT is his attempt to start afresh, lessons having been learnt, and offers, apart from the usual attractions, the British Intimate Diplomacy Championship - entry fee £3 of which the GM's cut is 75p and the rest 80% to winner of final and 20% to the losing finalist.

ATHGOR 12

The Teneldine Books:

Continued from T45. Prince Aegar, uncle of the present King of Athgor, encountered difficulty in wooing the ladies of his brother's court following the prophesy he had received as a youth that he would 'never love his wife, nor wed his beloved.'

The King when he heard of the Prince's misfortune in love
Sent to Illorca for the daughter of the King of that land
For she was noble and fair and greatly admired,
Thus she came to Thürgau on Royal Command
And none, it was said, could have been more justly wed
Than the Prince and Princess in a royal marriage bed!

But late on the eve of the wedding from the castle gates
Prince Aegar rode on a stallion, white and fleet,
Out, into the night, out of Thürgau;
To escape from the witch's curse he could but flee!
And fast o'er the plains to the mountain passes he loved
He sped through the night with the reins held tight in his gloves!

Morning saw the Prince with the mountain pastures before him;
Tired, he lay on the dampened slope and dreamt,
And while he dreamt he was fair, and none could be fairer,
And to him a village girl in secret crept.
That day he returned to the palace to see his bride
And told how the curse had forced him from her side.

A year now passed and the Prince remained alone
Till a knock at the door and the voice of a village maid
Brought to the Prince the news that a child was born
Of the love they had shared in the morning's moistened glade.
"By heaven," he cried "I'll take this maid and be wed!"
But the village girl in his arms was already dead.

Many's the year has passed since these things were seen,
And many have questioned the birth of the child called Teneldine,
But the Prince in his lodging has cared for the child alone,
With the milk of goats and lambs' wool nicely sewn.

The Athgorian Wars:

From the translation of Ramon Baumann. Ramon, translation into English is not difficult, except in as much as style is concerned; your French is nicely controlled to suit the subject, I'm trying to do the same with the English! - Mike.

2. The preparations for departure

Regon was in his room, packing, when suddenly someone knocked at the door. "Come in!" said Regon. The door opened and his father came in. "I shall be brief, Regon; they've found out in the town that you're going away for some time, perhaps for good. The old magi fear for the pearl that is my Kingdom, if there is no heir to ascend the throne after I die. You are the rightful heir. You haven't much time..." - "I want to go, father, you know that. I want to conquer other lands. You'll find an answer, of that I'm sure." - "Not I," whispered the old man; he raised his head and suddenly smiled. "But let it be! I wish you good luck, my boy, and may your mission succeed! I'm proud of you, and you'll make a good king, if you manage to become one. I have no fear that your people are like the toads of Sogoria. But go quickly! May God guard your every step! Farewell, Regon!" - "Farewell father, and thank you for everything!" The two men, tears in their eyes, shook hands once more. The king turned around and left.

With his baggage prepared, Regon ran to the centre of the town, wrapped in a mantle. Having passed through several side-streets, he knocked at a door. The door opened and a pale light stretched into the darkness. "Who's there?" asked a deep but clear voice. "It's me, Regon!" whispered the Prince as he looked either side of him. "Oh, what a surprise! Do come in!" Under the lamp, in which the flame of a candle flickered, an old man with piercing blue eyes and a white beard that reached his chest welcomed the young man. This old fellow was me, Mentor, the most famous writer of the time, and near friend to Regon. In

the room, one could see nothing but books and parchments. A small table with an ink-well and plume together with the great bookshelf were the only pieces of furniture in the place. "What brings you here, Regon?" Regon looked at me. "The magi want to stop me from going. We must go at once. Can you call Aegor, Falguir, Sentor and Terluin for me? Tell them to come tomorrow morning very early with their best soldiers. Also tell them to saddle the horses. I'll gather the elite Corps, arrange for provisions and find Alenia." Alenia was Regon's fiancée. She was a beautiful woman with brown hair and eyes the same, and a delicate grace. She was the daughter of the King of Armoria, his Majesty Folkis the Strong. Aegor, Falguir, Sentor and Terluin were the sons of the Four Barons of Illorica, and also near friends to Regon. "So," said Regon in a voice that choked as he spoke, "Goodbye Mentor! You've been a good friend and I thank you for all you've done for me. I'll never forget..." I shook hands with him, "Farewell Regon...I wish you good fortune wherever you go and... who knows?" Without another word, Regon turned on his heels and left.

"The History of Nathta"

They heard the sound of footsteps scraping over loose rubble, occasionally knocking over a brick with a loud thud. When this happened their hearts beat wildly, and the sounds ceased for some long minutes, to start again, just as the listeners believed that time was standing still.

Alain, with drawn sword, prepared to confront this new arrival.

"Who goes?" was the whisper which solidified the air.

"Worlan!" came the retort. "Red roses and yellow roses, let them blossom, but the black must fade and die."

The lantern was rekindled, to illuminate the haggard faces of those who had survived the previous week's purge. First, there was Simon, a trader of some ill-repute, but one who was shrewd, and ambitious. Dseja, a backlander from the west, of humble origins. Klamer, an idealist, whose idealism had been sparked by the imagery of romance.

Before any could rise to offer the mechanics of a hearty welcome, on a mind tormented with fear, Worlan had blurted "We must leave at once, all of us. Already we are under grave suspicion, and it will not be long before some prisoner reveals our identity. The situation has deteriorated, now that Rallins has arrived from Esserilon, at the head of his troops."

"Dakja has prepared well indeed. Esserilon is preparing, as if for a siege, and the main army is being amassed at Mondragon. 10,000 troops and 72 ships have been amassed, according to our agents there. It should therefore come as no surprise that the Fughod will impose strict discipline in this area, and will try to hold on."

(Indeed, the reader may wonder, had the Fughod intended to go to war, or did he desire to avoid it by a show of force?)

Alain broke in at this stage to state that the situation had already been reviewed, and it had been decided that Dseja should go westwards, to organise resistance in the forest-lands, and cut links from Ngorfyl, out.

"It was hoped, Worlan, that you would go north, and see if you could organise something similar there? Simon will be staying around in an anonymous capacity, and keep pace with developments here, while Klamer, and myself, will head southwards and see what we can do."

Before the fine details were discussed, a cavalcade of horses was dimly heard above, and everyone silently bid farewell, before melting cat-like into the gloom.

Within minutes a gleaming, rough-spoken, leering commander stood on the spot where moments before Worlan had stood. Around him stood his company of 20 men, whom he instantly ordered about seeking clues as to whom had been there, and whither they were bound, but, most importantly of all, to catch one of the conspirators.

And so it came to pass, following the naval encounter with the Armorian and Astorian navies, that Zatac's navy returned to the Soloways victorious in battle and yet subdued in an air of scepticism. Zatac, brother of the Gods, leader of men had allowed an upstart imp Euvan to occupy his homeland. How? Why?

Sadron came to Zatac nearly a moon after their Conjoint fleets had virtually destroyed the entire seapower of the southern nations. Armoria had been Athgor's guardian of the sea-lanes; Athgor being too preoccupied with its own continual internal strife. The maintenance of an army on the Sogorian border did not help and so Athgor's seapower was severely limited. Hence the importance of Zatac's victory. The southern and western sea-lanes were now his to do as he pleased so long as he didn't allow any power to redevelop sufficient

craft strength to oppose him. The final step was to be taken against Euvan, but this was the most dangerous of all. Euvan's navy was not the cause for Zatac's consternation, nor was the fact that Athgor might leave its entire, although limited, strength at Euvan's disposal. Zatac's own men had now sufficient experience added to the excellent training, sleek craft of sheer numbers when combined with Sadron's fleet (that of Mondragon), the pirates, and, finally, the small Phillipas unit to overthrow any remaining naval force east of the Pillars of Doom guarding Elsinor.

No. Something else would happen here. He had sensed it for many months, felt the eternally altering wisps of the supernatural focussing and taking on a distincy pattern and substance for this particular joint in the Time mesh. He knew his entire mental training, his years of research, study and practice, his existence was now to be put to the test. His very being was being dragged towards this focus and yet he strained against the drawing power, hoping to attain just that extra piece of knowledge for victory to be wholly assured, and it was with all these thoughts flowing through his mind that Sadron came to him.

"Sadron, my friend, I can delay no longer. To do so would be suicidal. My men wish to return home, as do yours. The pirates are again hungry for action. All is to be made ready tonight and tomorrow we set sail. We shall meet our foe on the straits of Epiezon. This I know. It has always had to be so since the beginning of time."

"My Lord?"

"You would not understand, my friend, and bearer of the same blood. Should I die in battle, and whether you believe it or not this is the course I have foreseen most vividly in my dreams, you must take command. Do not kill the creature who will lie below me. He is an historian of true mind. Let him live to report all that will be seen by his eyes."

Uncertainty filled Sadron's eyes.

Zatac laid a hand on his shoulder. "My friend, do what has to be done. I have seen many things and tomorrow you will be a great ruler should all go well with us. Go make ready lest the shadow befall all lands. Nortonland already reeks of its stagnant odour.

And of those who remember that night recall that Zatac's light never dimmed until the sun rose the following morning. Zatac, heavy-lidded, strode once more to his library which he had brought up from the ship. All these books he knew by heart and could feel their surge of power as he passed his hands gently, caressingly across their bindings. And yet something was missing in his knowledge which he knew and felt was present in this room. That last infinitesimal piece which would cement all his other readings and thus unlock the last door of his mind which barred complete knowledge and understanding, a power of which even the Gods had little knowledge.

He laid his hand upon a trunk, which, when it was searched, appeared to hold nothing other than old garments. It had been discovered in an old dusty cellar below the druid tower. Zatac felt the power ease through him immediately. He felt his internal door weakening under the thunderous assault of an enraged giant warrior, felt it buckle and splinter, and stared at the first rays of complete knowledge, the Golden Apple around which existence exists. But he could not see all. He placed his hand within the trunk and removed all the clothing. Nothing appeared to be present and intoxicating excitement was replaced by frustration and fear. He called on all his training to steady himself. Whatever had caused the reaction was still present in the box. He could feel its power returning his inner mental balance to normal. He felt his door splinter a little more. Using his hand he began to quarter off the box until only a small unsearched area remained. He moved his hands forward and gasped. Something cold and yet almost alive lay there. Again he inched his hand forward, his curiosity overcoming all else. Gingerly he felt the outline. It was a medallion. He picked it out and placed it about his neck. The door shattered and no barrier remained. Knowing, complete insight into the order and nature of things flowed through him and...something else. He knew how to manipulate more completely the power he constantly used. He was that power. It was so easy. How had he not seen it before?

The battle was joined on the eve of the eleventh moon. Euvan was a warrior of undoubted intelligence on land, but his reputation as a chieftain of the waves had never been taken seriously. However here Zatac knew it would not be Euvan he was accounting for but something far greater than a mere mortal. Hence it could only be assumed that tactics other than those of naval encounters would be used. All incidents on the way had been quickly quashed by the Master and clear weather and excellent seas prevailed. All rain appeared to veer north and south of the fleet and the men's spirits rose as land came into view.

Moonshine (1977 GR) - Final Report

Zine: The Tinamou. GM: Bob Brown. Austria: Dave Tucker. England: Jeremy Tullett. France: Don Brown (3rd). Germany: Terry Hill (4th). Italy: John Fisher (2nd). Russia: Martin Feather (1st). Turkey: Trevor Heaton (dropped out Autumn 1901). Concession to Russia agreed after Spring 1906.

	<u>1900</u>	<u>1901</u>	<u>1902</u>	<u>1903</u>	<u>1904</u>	<u>1905</u>
Austria	3	4	3	4	2	0
England	3	5	3	1	0	-
France	3	5	6	8	11	8
Germany	3	5	6	5	3	3
Italy	3	4	4	6	8	9
Russia	4	6	8	9	10	14
Turkey	3	4*	3	1	0	-

Martin Feather (Russia - winner)

Mere protoplasm utterly demolished again by ****SUPERCOMPUTER****

In fact, this began to look a very promising game for me from very early on. Since John and I lived in Edinburgh, an alliance was both obvious and convenient. Austria predicted this, and put up continual resistance, but against the two of us was doomed, particularly with the very early drop out of Turkey (killer robots strike again).

In the north there was a simultaneous attack on England - quite why we all chose to attack him I never knew, it wasn't planned between us! Anyway, this let me take over Scandinavia - Germany didn't seem to get very far - and I was able to penetrate the North Sea. An unfortunate season for France lost England to me (yum yum), whilst Italy pressurised him in the south.

In the end I was very pleased to get the first place. Thanks to Bob for superb GMing. Infinite hatred, of course, for all protoplasm, although grudging respect must be paid to John Fisher, who has 'seen the light', and whilst he is unfortunate enough to be a mere human, is at least attempting to produce a computerised Diplomacy player...

John Fisher (Italy - second)

This was a fairly straight-forward game for me. I had asked to play Italy because I wanted to find out how to play one of the weaker countries (in my opinion, anyway!) in the game. When I saw that Martin Feather also lived in Edinburgh a Russia/Italy alliance looked a natural. From then on, all was plain sailing, except that I was less able to expand quickly than he was. This either means that Martin is a better player than me, or that Russia is a stronger country than Italy!! At the end of the game, Martin could have won outright on the board by stabbing me in the back, but he chose to honour his agreement with me. Good for you, Martin. In conclusion, I felt that this was a game that did not contain very much of great interest, except to show that two countries playing together can beat five individualists.

Don Brown (France - third)

Moonshine was my second ever Diplomacy game and, learning from my mistakes in Jugular, I set out to play a tactical game and to use as much diplomacy as possible.

I was well pleased with the first year as everything looked balanced, and I made an agreement with Germany to attack England although Terry persuaded me to move to Piedmont to support him into Venice. I agreed to this as I wanted his cooperation in the north, but I didn't intend to go through with the plan.

The attack on England went very well in future years, with assuring letters being sent to Jeremy at each stage of the attack.

By this time both Russia and Turkey had capitalised on the Spring 1902 drop-out of Trevor Heaton playing Turkey and it became apparent that I would have to do something about Russia coming through in the north.

My apologies to Italy for my move to Piedmont had been thwarted by an attempted German move from Trieste to Venice and I was saddened that Germany, who was my best friend at that time, could chop and change like that without telling me. Nagging doubts amplified themselves in my mind without any assistance and I went through with the stab on Germany. I was now getting desperate for more fleets and I made the dreadful mistake of building

F(Mar) which shattered any remaining Italian friendship.

All my adjacent countries were now attacking me and all I could do was to fall back and strengthen my position. In the end a draw proposal was accepted but it was obvious that Martin could have taken a straight win in the next couple of years anyway as Italy had switched almost totally round to attack me, thus leaving the Balkans completely open.

Anyway, many thanks to all the players for an entertaining game and congratulations go to Martin and John for having such a strong alliance, and to Terry for restraining himself from hitting me when we met at Polycon! Thanks also to Bob and Will for impeccable GMing.

Terry Hill (Germany -- fourth)

I really enjoyed this game even though I only came 4th. May I thank Martin for consistent writing with at least one letter a season, with 6 from Dave, 5 from Jeremy, 4 from Don, and a couple from John. Also numerous phone-calls to Dave, Jeremy and Don.

It started with a non-aggression pact with Russia, Austria and Italy and an attack against France with England. Then, with a misunderstanding and false information, I went against Italy with Austrian help and then, against Austria with Italian help.

In the meantime, England attacked me and I changed my alliance to France, until France overwhelmed England and attacked me and I found it hard to keep in the game. Russia wanted my help against England from the start, but as I was in alliance I did not help him and by the time England attacked me I did not have the units to help Russia.

I think the early drop-out of Turkey helped Russia a lot and the changes of alliance on my part did not help very much. I think it was a good win for Russia and a good second (?) for France. Italy was unfortunate in that he could not expand very much and I was only just able to keep in the game.

My condolences to England and Austria who fought bravely but were overcome before the game ended. I condemn Trevor for dropping out so soon as it did favour the countries around him. A good game to the other five and my thanks to you, Bob, for good GMing.

Jeremy Tullett (England)

I started by trying to secure an alliance with France, at the same time attempting to lull Germany into a false sense of security. In the event, neither of them believed me, and after a foul stab by Brown minor, I exited the game with indecent haste.

After the early demise of Turkey, Russia was clearly placed in a strong position, and it rapidly became clear to me that he would win if no-one stopped him, yet Terry seemed to ignore my suggestions, and no-one else showed any inclination to stop the steam-roller, so....

Anyway, I believe that is the shortest game I have ever had, and I would not care to repeat the experience! (Just wait, Brown D., just wait....)

View from the Clouds

Thanks for your thoughts, one and all. As GM I was naturally disgusted with the drop out of Turkey, even more so when it became obvious that it was going to decide the game. Austria had no chance against Russia and Italy and since Russia had another front on which to use the units he gained in the south, it is hardly surprising that he prospered much quicker than Italy. I had expected a stop-Russia campaign, but it never materialised and the game ended very rapidly as a consequence. End of story. Bang!

ooo000ooo

Yatagan Gamestart, Stab

GM: Bob Brown

The draw for the countries is:

Austria: Ian Doherty, 121 Lime Walk, Headington. Oxford.

England: Jeremy Tullett, 121 Lime Walk, Headington. Oxford.

France: John James, 80 Lytham Rd., Freckleton. Lancs.

Germany: Gary Murkin, Bona Vista, 26 Church Rd., Lerwick. Shetland Islands (Until 31/1)

Italy: Graham Box, 58 Rosslyn Crescent, Wealdstone. Harrow. Middx.

Russia: Mark Evans, The Lodge, Mill Lane, Aslockton. Notts.

Turkey: Dave Thomas, 7 Paget Crescent, Ruddington. Notts NG11 6FD.

You should all know what a double deadline is by now, so there's one available if you feel that you need it and remember - if it moves NUMBER IT.

We Apologise for the Delay, but.....

MT 53 B - Round 7

1) Grimsby - Manchester	MARS 20
2) Huddersfield - Oxsford	SDR 20
3) Peterboro - Lundun	LOVE 20
4) Hull - Newport	FHT 20-4-3-2=11; SDR +4; MARS +3; LOVE +2
5) Bratford - Any port	LOVE (Hull) 20+2=22; PASS (Preston) 10-2=8
6) Darby - Liverpool	MARS 20-2+2-2=18; FHT 10-2-5=3; PASS 0+5+2-2=5

Total earnings: MARS 45; LOVE 44; SDR 24; FHT 14; PASS 13.

Builds

PASS: (A44)-D45-Doncaster-D49-C50 = 8+4 (to LOVE) +1 (to MARS) +1 (to SDR) = 14

MARS: (Wolverhampton)-H19-Gloster = 10; (L16)-N17 only = 2+1 (to PASS) +1 (to FHT) = 14

FHT: (I28)-K27-L27-L28-A70-Oxford = 8; (B46)-A46-A45-B44 only = 3+1 each to SDR, Love and PASS. Total 14.

LOVE: (B49)-153-154 only = 8+6 (to SDR). Total 14.

SDR: (D50)-B49 = 2+1 (to LOVE); (F8)-H7 = 2+1 (to MARS); (F8)-D9-Lvpl = 4. Total 10.

Scores

LOVE (Jon Love, green)	80 + 44 - 14 = 110
SDR (Paul Ward, purple)	58 + 24 - 2 = 80
MARS (John Marsden, orange)	46 + 45 - 12 = 79
FHT (Harry Turner, red)	14 + 14 - 13 = 15
PASS (Tom Butcher, black)	4 + 13 - 12 = 5

Runs for Round 8

- 7) 51-42 Birmingham - Stoke
- 8) 36-22 Birkenhead - Bradford
- 9) 26-14 Preston - York
- 10) 13-64 Lincoln - London
- 11) 34-45 Liverpool - Coventry
- 12) 55-63 Bristol - London

Builds: up to 13 points.

RT 66 B - Round 4

BB - Bob Brown, black: 4a) (E70)-J72-K72. 1b) (B'ham)-F18-F17. 4c) (F17)-F11. 43-8(to L&L) +4(from CARROT)=39.

MOLE - Mark Evans, orange: 4a) (M5)-N4-N3-Bradford; (L28)-L29-N30. 4b) (N30)-D72-F71. 4c) (F71)-J73 (fined 2 hexes, late moves). 54+5-1(to CARROT)=58.

CARROT - James O'Fee, blue: 4a) (L17)-L18-K19; (J7)-Manchester-H7-G8-F7. 4b) (F7)-C9-Liverpool. 4c) (L18)-M19-M20-N20-A61-Coventry; (Leeds)-Bradford; (F7)-Bolton ((the Leeds to Bradford bit got missed out of 4b - sorry)). 48-4(to BB)+1(from MOLE)+15-1(with L&L)=59.

L&L - Chikako Butcher, red: 4a) (G11)-G9-Manchester; (C53)-C52-B51. 4b) (G9)-G8-F7-Bolton; (F7)-E8. 4c) (E8)-C9-Liverpool; (B51)-A51-Sheffield. 33-15+1(with CARROT)+8(from BB)=27.

Still looks like a close prospect; however, 3 networks largely cover the same runs, which can only be good for CARROT. Chikako's Liverpool extension was risky - CARROT's line @ J7 had a 50/50 chance of going the way it did to Liverpool from F7, though she couldn't have expected his line to go (C8)-F7.

Throws for Round 5: 6,6,6 again as there are only four players.

RT fans please note: both Scottish maps (F and G) should be ready by late Feb; 36p each. John Marsden please note: they will have changes to the old kits.....

Waiting List (Gamefee 30p): Tim Sharrock (BCK), Graham Box (BDK), Deryck Fovey (any). One more required for a game to start - shall we say of K, for a change gents?? I'll wait for the fourth player to come forward before we fix that for certain, though.

Kyte, Autumn 1908 (1977 DY)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: NMR! F(Ven), A(Tyr), A(Tri), A(Ser), A(Rum), A(Gal), A(Bud), A(Liv), A(Arm)
(Arthur Lowe) stand unordered

England: F(NWG) St
(Anarchy)

France: F(ENG) S A(Par)-Bre, A(Spa)-Mar, F(Por)-Spa so, F(TYR) S A(Pie)-Tus,
(Stephen Andrews) F(HEL)-NTH, A(Kie)-Hol, A(Mun)-Tyr, A(Boh)-Vie

Germany: A(Sil)-Ber, A(Den)-Kie, A(Swe) St
(Graham Box)

Russia: F(Nor) St
(Anarchy)

Turkey: A(Ank) St, F(Con)-Smy, A(Gre) MS A(Bul), F(Rom) S F(Nap)-TYR, F(Tun) St,
(Mike Johnson) F(Bre)-Pic, F(NAO)-Lpl

Nasties. French F(TYR)-WMS.

Winter 1908

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie , Rum, Ser, Sev, Mos, StP, War + Ven	no change for 9
England: Lpl	GM removes F(NWG) for 0
France: Mar, Par, Bel, Por, Spa, Hol, Lon, Edi, Mun, Kie + Bre, Vie	builds A(Par) for 11
Germany: Ber, Den, Swe + Kie	no room to build, 1 short for 4
Italy: Vie	no change for 0
Russia: Nor	no change for 1
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, Nap, Rom, Tun, Sev + Lpl	no change for 9

Prelech. Humble apologies about the wandering Austrian A(Arm) - last time's report should have said A(Arm) unordered, not A(Sev).

FRANCE to ALL. Sorry about that last NMR, but, what with Christmas, I simply forgot. I mean what I say (or say what I mean?!) and to Austria sorry, but I've lost your English address. Could Bob or yourself please give it me again? Sorry to Turkey, but we seem to be destined to be enemies. Sorry! (How's that for humbleness?)

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Seuba, Autumn 1903 (1978 EU)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Tri)-Bud, A(Gre) S A(Ser)-Bul, F(ADR)-ION
(Chris Bishop)

England: A(Yor), F(NTH), F(NWG) stand
(Anarchy)

France: F(IRI)-Lpl, F(ENG)-Lon, A(Pie)-Bur, A(Mar)-Pie, A(Bel) S A(Ruh)-Hol
(Kevin McAdam)

Germany: F(HEL) S RUSSIAN F(SKA)-NTH, A(Kie) MS A(Hol), A(Mun)-Bur
(Stewart Wright)

Italy: A(Ven) MS A(Rom), F(AEG)-Smy, F(ION)-EMS
(Stephen Agar)

Russia: NMR! F(SKA), A(Swe), F(Nor), A(Sev), A(Mos), A(Gal) stand unordered
(John Robson)

Turkey: F(Arm) S A(Rum)-Sev, A(Con)-Smy, F(BLA)-Con
(Peter McDonald)

Nasties. Russian A(Sev) chopped.

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre + Bul	builds F(Tri), A(Vie) for 6
England: Edi, Lpl , Lpl	GM removes F(NTH), F(NWG) for 1
France: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Bel + Lon, Lpl	builds F(Bre), F(Mar) for 8
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol	builds A(Ber) for 5
Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun	no change for 4
Russia: Mos, Sev , StP, War, Rum, Nor, Swe	1 short for 6
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Sev + Sev	no change for 4

Ulysses, July 1890, Definitive Mercator

GM: Bob Brown

Argentina: F(Tah)-CRS, A(Bog)-Lim, A(Jor)-Egy, F(Wel)-GIS, F(TAS)-SOL, F(Bue)-HOR,
(Jon Love) A(Syd) E F(SOL), A(Tuc) E F(HOR), A(Bog) E F(CRS), A/F(CRS)-HUM, A/F(HOR)-SPO

Austria: F(Zag)-Alb, A(Ser)-Gre, A(Bud)-Ser, A(Tri)-Bud, A(Clu) S A(Vie)-Gal
(Ian Doherty)

Brazil: A(Rec) B F(CAO), A(Saf) B F(GHS), A(Por) B F(CAN), F(Rio)-SAO, A/F(CAO)-
(Don Brown) CAR, A/F(CAN)-CAO, A/F(GHS) S TURKISH A/F(ARA)-WIO, A(CAR) D Cub, A(CAO) D Azo

China: A(Sik)-Shn, A(Tib) S A(Ksu)-Sik, A(IMo) MS A(Pek), F(Bor) S F(SCS)-CEL
(Jeremy Tullett)

England: F(NTH) F/F & A(Kie) S A(Edi)-Hol, F(ENG)-Bel, A(Lon) St, F(Den)-BAL,
(Doug Wakefield) F(MAL)-Joh, A(Van) B F(NWP), A/F(NWP) St, F(GRA) S F(ROC)-MAO, A(NWP) D F(GRA), A/F(GRA)-HAT, RUSSIAN A(Liv) E F(BAL), A(Lon) E F(NTH)

France: A(Sar) B F(MAJ), A(Pie) B F(GOL), A/F(GOL) S A/F(MAJ)-TYR, A(Par)-Bre,
(Mick Robson) A(Lyo)-Mar, A(Jav) St, F(Sai) St

Germany: A(Ven)-Tyr, A(Sil)-Pos, A(Swe)-Fin, F(BAL)-Swe, A(Bur)-Ruh, F(Hol)-Den,
(Peter Nunn) A(Bel)-Pic, A(Boh)-Mun

India: F(WIO)-Mdg, F(TIM) S F(EIO)-Pth, T(Tha wc)-AND, A(Bma)-Tha, A(Tha) E F(AND),
(Chris Bishop) A/F(AND)-WIO, A(Del)-Clic

Italy: F(Spa sc) S A/F(TYR)-GOL, A(Tus)-Pie, F(Tun) S F(Nap)-TYR, A(Rom) E F(TYR)
(Stuart Dagger)

Japan: A(Phi) B F(CPO), A(NOM) L Ala, A(Tok) B F(NPO), F(Haw) & F(NOM) S A/F(CPO)-
(Tom Butcher) CHA, A(Ala)-Van, A/F(NPO) St, A(Cgo)-Sud, A(Tan)-Eth, A(NPO) D Kar, F(NPO)-CPO

Russia: A/F(GB) S ENGLISH F(Den)-BAL, A(Pru)-Pos, A(War)-Liv, A(Liv) E ENGLISH
(Andy Norman) F(BAL), A(Liv) B F(GB), A(St.P.)-Fin, A(Ukr)-War, A(Rum) S TURKISH A(Bul), A(Snk) & A(Man) S A(OMo)-IMo, A(Tkn) & A(Sib) S A(Snk), F(Kor)-YEL

Turkey: A(Apu) B F(ION), A(Eth) B F(ARA), A(Mus) B F(PER), A/F(ION)-BOT, F(DAS) F/F
(John Marsden) A(Cre)-Gre, A(Bul) S RUSSIAN A(Rum), F(Smy)-FMS, A(Ira)-Afg, A/F(ARA)-WIO, A/F(PER)-ARA, A(BOT) D Lib, F(BOT)-SMS

USA: F(CHA) & A(Chi) S F(Clf)-Ore, F(HAT)-CHA, A(NeY) E F(HAT), A/F(HAT) stands
(Geoff Hardingham) unordered

Nasties. Chinese A(IMo)-Ksu. French A/F(GOL) chopped, NRO. German F(BAL)-Ber, F(Hol)-HEL.
USA F(CHA)-GOC.

Prelech. A couple of points have arisen. Last season we had

Germany: A(Sil)-Pos, A(Boh)-Sil
and Russia: A(Pru)-Pos, A(War)-Sil

Andy Norman argues that the German A(Sil) should retreat due to the Key rule. My adjudication, where the German unit stayed in position, was based on the premise that the Russian move to Sil was stood off by the German move to Sil from Boh. There are merits to both views on this ambiguity in the rules, but my ruling stands and will operate in any similar situations.

Players should also note that a failed F/F leaves an A/F in existence as the F/F boarding is in TS1 with the landing in TS2 ie Turkey now has A/F(DAS) as a result of his failed F/F to Greece.

Whilst I'm rambling on, I would like to compliment you all on the excellence (to my mind) of the game. We've only had one NMR and the game seems to be proceeding very nicely. I always enjoy adjudicating Ulysses and seeing what nasty things have been thought up by you all. Keep up the good work!

AUSTRIA - ITALY - No, thank goodness, next question....

ARCHDUKE F.J. - ROSIE - Austrians are even better!!!

ROSIE - ROME - No, sorry, I'm booked up here. I may come to Rome sometime, though!

I care not who really does write
Doug Wakefield's press.
And whether his claims are right
I care even less.

It may not long matter anyway
(The argument, I mean),
'Cos once o'er the north he holds sway
We'll never stop his win.

China - Japan: Your letter received. Thanks. Reply on its way.

China - England and France: You may wish to know what my fleets are doing. Don't worry,
I'll write and tell you.

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Verity, Autumn 1902 (1978 GJ)

GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Vie)-Bud, A(Gre) S A(Tri)-Ser, F(Alb)-Tri
(Tim Sharrock)

England: F(NTH) C A(Yor)-Nor, F(ENG) St
(Chris Bishop)

France: F(Bre) S F(Por)-MAO, A(Spa)-Mar, A(Par) S A(Bur)-Pic
(Gary Murkin)

Germany: A(Den) apologises to Russian F(Swe), A(Bel) & A(Mun) S A(Ruh)-Bur,
(John Foulger) F(Hol) S A(Bel)

Italy: F(ION)-EMS, F(Apu)-ION, A(Ven)-Apu, A(Tyr)-Ven
(Geoff Chase)

Russia: F(Swe) S A(St.P.)-Nor, A(Mos) & A(Ukr) S F(Sev) St
(Jeremy Tullett)

Turkey: F(BLA) S A(Arm)-Sev, A(Rum)-Ukr, F(Bul ec)-AEG
(Chikako Butcher)

Winter 1902

<u>Austria</u> : Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser + Gre	builds A(Vie) for 5
<u>England</u> : Edi, Lon, Lpl	no change for 3
<u>France</u> : Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa	no change for 5
<u>Germany</u> : Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol + Bel	builds A(Kie) for 6
<u>Italy</u> : Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun	no change for 4
<u>Russia</u> : Mos, Sev, StP, War, Swe + Nor	builds F(StP nc) for 6
<u>Turkey</u> : Ank, Con, Smy, Bul + Rum	no builds ordered, 1 short for 5

Bashful Bish - Gherkin Murkin: - Bleedin' idiot!

Russia - England: - I love you too, Christopher.

Russia - Turkey: - Actually, it was me who wrote the Chikako rubbish. I think it's time I owned up. Do you forgive me?

Germany - France: - Have you removed yourself to G.K. Chesterton's world of fantasy? (?)

France to Rest of Europe: - I'm back! Did you miss me?

England - France: - Where have you been? All my life I used to dream about meeting you.

England - France: - I'm glad we're in this together Gary. I'm so scared! Will you hold my clammy palm in yours, at least until I get on to 17 units, then I'll chance going it alone. With your advice, of course.

Italy - France: - I have a passion for your Toyland Post Office envelopes. Will you swop one for one of my Paddington Bear ones? I just like licking them - oo the taste torments me.

Queens Lane - Italy: What are you talking about?? I did not understand your last press at all!!

RUSSIA - TURKEY: Still 3-3 - want to play extra time??

Cybercrud 3, Autumn 1905

GM: Ron Fisher

Austria: A(Bul) S A(Con) St, A(Rum)-Sev, A(Tyr) S A(Ven), F(Gre) S F(ADR)-ION,
(Andy Holborn) A(Ven) S A(Tus)-Rom

England: F(StP nc) S F(Nor) S GERMAN F(SKA)-Swe, A(Yor)-Edi, F(Lon) S F(NWG)-NTH
(Doug Wakefield)

France: F(NTH)-Hol, A(Bur) & F(ENG) S F(Pic)-Bel, A(Mar) S A(Bur)
(Allan Ovens)

Germany: NMR: A(Hol), A(Bel), A(Mun), A(Pic), F(SKA), F(Den), F(HEL) stand unordered
(Richard Sharp)

Italy: F(Nap) S A(Rom) St, F(Tun)-ION
(Stuart Dagger)

Russia: A(Mos) S A(Sev) St
(Willy Haughan)

Turkey: F(BLA) S A(Arm)-Sev, A(Ank)-Con, F(ION)-Tun
(Dave Johnson)

Retreats. French F(NTH)-Yor. German A(Bel) chopped. Turkish F(ION)-AEG.

Winter 1905

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre, Rum, Ven, Bul + Con	builds F(Tri) for 9
England: Lon, Lpl, Edi, Nor, StP	no change for 5
France: Par, Mar, Bre, Por, Spa + Bel	builds A(Par) for 6
Germany: Mun, Ber, Kie, Den, Hol, Swe, Bel	no change for 6
Italy: Rom, Nap, Tun	no change for 3
Russia: Mos, War + Sev	build A(War) for 3
Turkey: Ank, Bel , Smy, Bel	removes F(BLA), A(Arm) for 2

First the sly little dagger into Stuart, then yank me out of the line-up, will he have the Ruskies next? Who knows who he'll burn next; bloody handy with the stab, eh what? Damn Ostericher. We could have made a good alliance throughout, Andy. Too bad Willy can't write or afford a phone. He was always my first choice, but not even I can ally with a block of stone.

Playboy odds: evens Germany, 2-1 France, 4-1 England, 7-1 Austria, 10-1 Turkey, 20-1 Italy, 50-1 Russia, 2-1 no conclusion.

We'll say goodbye in 1908. Ta till then.

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C3 Bourse, Autumn 1905

GM: Bob Brown

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Lire</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>	
Arthur 2-sheds	+2154	-500	-500	-	-498	-500	-500	
John Marsden	+2528	-500	-500	-300	-500	-500	-500	
Geoffrey Fourmyle	+1244	-500	-500	-500	-	+960	-	
Fezoco Inc	+1793	-500	-500	-500	-500	+290	-	
Garfield Butler	+1700	-	-500	-500	-	-	-500	
Scrooge & Marley	+1023	-	-400	-	-129	-	-500	
Dealings	+10442	-2000	-2900	-1800	-1627	+250	-2000	
Old value	1.55	1.92	1.60	1.93	0.59	0.83	1.74	
New value	2.59	1.72	1.31	1.75	0.43	0.85	1.54	

	<u>Crowns</u>	<u>Pounds</u>	<u>Francs</u>	<u>Marks</u>	<u>Lire</u>	<u>Roubles</u>	<u>Piastres</u>	<u>Victory Pts</u>
Geo. Fourmyle	6100	2497	497	1706	0	960	0	822
Fezoco Inc	5267	1501	400	2532	158	1000	0	750
John Marsden	3049	4239	3387	4	603	256	452	710
A. 2-sheds	2697	2657	3130	0	2	1000	4859	676
Scr. & Marley	4540	1651	0	1814	0	0	473	601
C. Butler	2166	0	1627	4486	0	0	66	549

Jugular, Autumn 1910 (1977 DX)

GM: Bob Brown

France: A(Tyr) S A(Pie)-Ven, F(Spa sc)-GOL, F(MAO)-Naf, F(Nap) & F(WMS) S F(Tus)-
(Geoff Hardingham) TYR, A(Rom)-Apu, A(Kie) & A(Mun) S A(Ber) S A(Boh)-Sil, A(Den)-Swe,
F(NTH) & F(NWG) S F(BAR)-Nor

Italy: A(Tri), A(Vie), A(Ser) stand
(Anarchy)

Russia: A(StP) & F(Swe) S F(Nor) St, F(BAL) & A(Pru) S A(Sil)-Ber, A(Bud) MS
(Andy Norman) A(Gal)

Turkey: F(TYS)-Rom, F(Tun)-WMS, F(ION) S F(Apu)-Nap, A(Gre)-Alb, A(Con)-Bul
(Dave Browne)

Nasties. French F(Nap) annihilated. Russian F(Nor) & A(Sil) chopped, NRO.

Winter 1910

France: Bre, Mar, Par, Bel, Spa, Por, Lpl, Hol, Edi, Lon, Mun, Ber, Kie, Ven, ~~Wap~~, Den + Nor
builds A(Mar) for 16
Italy: Tri, Ser, Vie, ~~Wap~~ no change for 3
Russia: Mos, StP, War, Swe, ~~Wap~~, Bud, Rum, Sev no builds ordered, 1 short for 7
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Gre, Tun + Rom, Nap builds F(Smy), A(Con) for 8

Prelech. Three-way draw defeated. Concession to France proposed with Russia and Turkey 2nd equal. Votes next time, please. Failure to vote counts for the proposal.

Sultan to "Annalid" Tsar, now retired. Peek-a-boo, I see you - you little flatterer, you.

Sultan Screwtape was unhappy, he was losing the war, nobody would write to him, and some Scots megalomaniac with deluded pretensions to nobility and bearing a grudge was writing an alarming list of palpable lies and slanders about him. Furthermore he had suspicions that nobody really liked him, and that he could not understand.

Moodily he stared at the board and the depressing position of his units and wondered if he could, perhaps, transfer a couple of units from Annalid to here without anyone noticing. Still, while there was life, there was still hope - France might have a serious accident or catch a fatal illness and go NMR as a consequence. Now there was a thought! He rang the bell on his desk and addressed the eunuch who entered in response to the summons.

"That wandering Fakir from India with claims to sorcery who requested an audience with us." he said. "Fetch him in."

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Odium, Spring 1905 (1977 JX)

GM: Bob Brown

France: F(Tun) S F(TYR)-ION, F(Mar)-GOL, A(Gas)-Mar, F(Bre)-MAO, F(Edi)-NWG, F(Den)-
(Geoff Chase) SKA, A(Yor)-Lon

Germany: F(Lon)-NTH, A(Kie)-Den, F(Ber)-BAL, A(Ruh)-Mun, A(Mun)-Sil, A(Liv) S A(War) S
(Martin Feather) ITALIAN A(Gal)-Ukr

Italy: A(Gal)-Ukr, F(Ven) St, F(Nap) S TURKISH F(ION)-TYR
(John Marsden)

Russia: A(Fin)-StP, F(Nor)-NTH, A(Mos) S A(Ukr)-War, A(Bud)-Gal, F(Rum) St,
(Stephen Agar) F(Swe)-BAL

Turkey: A(Vie) S A(Tyr)-Tri, A(Con)-Bul, A(Smy)-Arm, F(ION)-TYR, F(Gre) & F(AEG) S
(Ian Doherty) F(FMS)-ION

Nasties. Russian A(Ukr) chopped, NRO.

I say etc What's getting smaller, is mauve and useless? Answer - a Namibian Aubergine being eaten up by envy.

Germany - Turkey: Yes, Oh Most Glorious Sultan of the Eastern Wot Nots, Defender of the Thingumyjigs, Effervescence of the East, we have seen the Light (ASDA Superstores, ask for Long Life Bulbs...). On behalf of Allah we wish to fight, honest. Instruct us that we may Arabic speak fluently more, and defeat the menacing hordes...

Hamibian Aubergine - King Frank the Fantastic: Gladys was right, you tasteless truffle.

CONSTANTINOPLE - In a speech today at the commissioning of the Turkish 4th army, His Highness, Light of the East, Protector of the Faith, Emperor of Greater Turkey, Sultan Mohammed bin Rashid al Pepper today announced a new phase in the war. It appears that our ex-allies the sub-human socialist filth the Russians have been showing left wing tendencies. This is to be eradicated at all costs. Our allies the Germans have agreed this and are helping in the new drive against Russia. This our glorious leader deems this to be a turning point in the war.

Turkey - Russia - As Montgomery said "Any one who votes Labour ought to be locked up." I am merely complying, I'm coming to get you!!!

Ian - Stephen - Lame ducks ought to be put down.....

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NGC 215, Autumn 1908

GM: Bob Brown

England: F(BAL) S A(Ber)-Kie, A(War)-Pru, A(StP)-Nor, F(Lpl)-IRI, F(Cly)-NAO, A(Yor)-
(Hugh Baldwin) Edi, F(Lon) St

France: F(ENG) & F(NTH) S F(Wal)-Lon, A(Den) S A(Kie), A(Kie) & A(Ruh) S A(Bur)-
(George Kingston) Mun, A(Pie)-Tyr, A(Ven) S ITALIAN A(Alb)-Tri, F(Apu) S ITALIAN F(ION)-ADR

Italy: F(Tun)-ION, F(ION)-ADR, A(Alb)-Tri
(Ian McIntyre)

Turkey: A(Tri) & A(Tyr) S F(ADR)-Ven, A(Bud)-Ser, A(Mun) S ENGLISH A(Ber)-Kie,
(Pat Jones) A(Boh) S A(Mun), A(Bul) S F(AEG)-Gre, F(Con)-AEG

Retreats. English F(Lon)-Yor. Turkish F(ADR) annihilated.

Winter 1908

England: Edi, ~~Lpl~~, Lpl, Nor, ~~Den~~, Swe, StP, Mos, War, Ber

no change for 8

France: Bre, Mar, Par, Por, Spa, Bel, Hol, ~~Mun~~, Ven, Kie + Den, Lon

builds F(Bre) for 11

Italy: Rom, Nap, Tun

no change for 3

Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Ser, Gre, Tri, Bud, Sev, Rum, Vie + Mun

builds F(Smy), F(Con), F(Ank) & 1 short for 12

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Annalid, Spring 1918 (1976 AD)

GM: Bob Brown

England: A(Mos) S A(Ukr), A(Ukr) MS A(War), A(Pru) S A(Sil), A(Ber) & A(Ruh) S A(Mun),
(Dave Browne) A(Sil) MS A(Mun), A(Bur) S A(Gas)-Mar, A(Bre)-Gas, F(Por) & F(WMS) S F(MAO)-
Spa sc, F(Naf) S F(WMS), F(IRI)-MAO, F(Den)-NTH

Turkey: NMR! F(Tun), F(ION), F(Pie), F(Mar), F(GOL), A(Ven), A(Tyr), A(Boh), A(Tri),
(Stephen Docwra) A(Vie), A(Bud), A(Gal), A(Sev), A(Rum), A(Arm) stand unordered

Nasties. French F(Mar) chopped.

Good King Screwtape Wellbeloved, with a manic grin of pleasure, rubbed his thin, grasping shaped hands together.

"It's mine - mine - all mine - the world is mine" he crowed and cackled, "I've beaten them all. Strong they were, clever they were, subtle and sly - but I - I Screwtape was the stronger, the cleverer, the slickest. Germany, France, Russia, Austro-Hungary and Turkey too, were as ripened corn before my blade as I trod them down - henceforth let the world know me as Screwtape the Magnificent! Look on my works ye mighty and despair." and his head wagged back and forth as he shrieked with near-insane mirth.

A Chamberlain entered the room and bowed his head before the awesome presence.

"Majesty - Ambassadors from the Emperors of China and Japan and the President of the United States have made a joint declaration of war on you" he said.

Screwtape scowled, his cup of joy dashed to the ground. "Piss off," he snarled, "we are not playing in that game."

The Chamberlain shrugged his shoulders. "They are" he said "and, by the way, your armies and navies have all mutinied."

For once, Screwtape was at a loss for words. He sat, his face a mask of horror, like

a graven statue.

"It's all Frank Dashwood's fault," he thought. "Him and Docwra, rotten sports, Roger Ayre as well. You'd think they'd have the good grace to lose like sportsmen and gentlemen - I would." And he started to cry. He wanted his mummy.

Prelech. Well that about wraps up this game. I don't see Dave NMRing next time, so I'll print the final season and the final game report next issue. Please let me have any final comments which you want to make on the game for next time - including insistent assertions that Screwtape never had a mother - and I'll put them in with the report.

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Xyster, Autumn 1901 (1978 JI) GM: Bob Brown

Austria: A(Vie)-Tri, F(Alb)-Gre, A(Ser) S TURKISH A(Bul)-Rum
(Roger Ayre)

England: F(NTH) C A(Edi)-Nor, F(NWG)-BAR
(Dave Tucker)

France: A(Spa)-Por, F(MAO)-Spa sc, A(Pic)-Bel
(Paul Ward)

Germany: F(Den)-Swe, A(Ruh) S A(Kie)-Hol
(Chris Bishop)

Italy: A(Ven)-Tri, F(ION) C A(Apu)-Tun
(Gordon Geddes)

Russia: F(GOB)-Swe, A(War)-Gal, A(Ukr)-Rum, F(Rum)-Sev
(Gary Murkin)

Turkey: A(Bul)-Rum, A(Con)-Bul, F(BLA)-Sev
(Rob Larter)

Nasties. Russian F(Rum) annihilated.

Winter 1901

Austria: Bud, Tri, Vie + Gre, Ser	builds A(Bud), A(Tri) for 5
England: Edi, Lon, Lpl + Nor	builds F(Lon) for 4
France: Bre, Mar, Par + Bel, Por, Spa	builds F(Bre), A(Par), F(Mar) for 6
Germany: Ber, Kie, Mun + Den, Hol	builds F(Kie), A(Mun) for 5
Italy: Nap, Rom, Ven + Tun	builds F(Nap) for 4
Russia: Mos, Sev, StP, War	builds A(Mos) for 4
Turkey: Ank, Con, Smy + Bul, Rum	builds F(Con), A(Ank) for 5
Neutral: Swe	

Prelech. Please note that Gary will be at his address in the Shetland Islands (I'll bet it's cold up there) until the end of January.

Turkey - Russia: Is anybody there?

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Cybercrud 4 Gamestart, Third Age 11 GM: Ron Fisher

The draw for the countries is as follows:

Mordor: Patrick McCarthy, 43 Weston Rd., Churchtown, Dublin 14. Eire.
Eriador: George Kingston, 84 Burnthill Rd., Glengormley, Co. Antrim BT36 8HF. N. Ireland.
Rohan: The eminently handsome and excellent Bob Brown (who is typing this!).
Rohan: Simon Burke, 4 Washington Park, Tempelogue, Dublin 14. Eire.
Umbar: Geoff Hardingham, 48 Caspian Way, Wheaton Aston. Staffs ST19 9BR.
Gondor: Dave Tucker, 249 London Rd., Bedford MK42 0PX.

Nice to see virtually everyone getting in a preference list for the game - I hope that you are reasonably satisfied with what you've been given. A double deadline is available as usual. If you want extra time to negotiate, either tell Ron that you want a double deadline or don't send in any orders for T48 - that will be construed as a request for the extra time. Ash nazg durbatuluk!

Changes of Address

Gary Murkin remains at Bona Vista, 26 Church Rd., Lerwick. Shetland Islands until the end of January.
Graham Box to 58 Rosslyn Crescent, Wealdstone. Harrow. Middx.

Waiting Lists

The games which you are presently able to indulge in are:

Regular Diplomacy (Gamefee 75p). With Chris Bishop, Jeffrey Garrett, Dave Thomas, Patrick McCarthy, Peter McDonald and Kristian Norris on the list we only need one more player, so this could be a good time to let me have preference lists please, gents. The same goes for the seventh player when he comes forward. I'm sorry that some of you have had to wait such a long time for this game to start, but the paucity of new games starting seems to be endemic in the hobby at the presnt time.

Railway Rivals (Gamefee 30p). More details on page 8.

En Garde (Gamefee 50p). I should think that we've got room for a few more people yet, but the man you should contact is Dave Waring.

Athgor (No gamefee). Plenty of space for more contributors to Athgor, but you should first contact Michael O'Shea who will hit you with some more information about the game.

Variants are in abeyance until one of the three which are presently running (or are about to run) have finished. If the first to finish is Ulysses, then the next variant will be another game of Mercator. However, I might be cajoled into GMing the odd game of ID if you really want it. There seems to be plenty of opportunity to play it in other zines, though, so I'm not all that keen to start it here.

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